

A fiery Looking-Glass for London.

M A D E

1662

Vpon the dreadful Fire in Lothbury, Decem.²⁷. wherein M. Delaun
and his whole Family were consumed to Ashes.



Raw near, perfumed Gallants, hear a Story,
May make you out of love with all your glory,
The down-fall of *Delann*, whose fall may make
Your ears to tingle, and your hearts to ake:
An *Hamb'rough* Merchant of no mean account,
Whose wealth to many thousands did amount;
His great Grandfather a French *Calvinist*,

Whom that French Massacre but nearly mist,
Whence flying for life, and being wary,
Here in *England* he took Sanctuary,
Where he and his flourish'd in all affluence,
Till this unheard-of direful Providence.
He had espous'd the daughter of a Knight,
In whose love and beauty was his chief delight;
And now her rising womb, to crown his joy,
Did give him hopes of a succeeding Boy:
And to indulge his mirth, you may remember
It was the 27th. day of *December*,
A time some Christians put the Pagan on,
As if 'twas *Bacchus* Incarnation.
This jolly time for dainties there were sent
Swift messengers to every Element;
His Larder was a Fish-pond, and a Park,
Nay, all his House was stor'd like *Noahs* Ark,
The rich *Canary* juyce, and blood of *France*,
Did in his Cellar meet to lead the dance;
His Wife had lockt the *Indies* in her chest,
No sparkling Bride more richly could be drest:
And now the Feast begins on *Christmas*-day,
But flaming Death came in, and took away:
A Fire was kindled, but how, none can tell,
Only it had the portraicture of Hell;
Of Hell indeed, for none escap't the fire,
But all that liv'd together did expire.
Job had his messengers to bring him word,
Here none (poor hearts!) escap't the flaming Sword;
One night consumes all's Treasure, and his Life,
His Servants, Partner, and his tender Wife:
His Wife indeed was quickly brought to Bed,
But in a Bed of Fire, flame-coloured:
Into the light the Child no tooner came,
But perish't at (too warm a Breast) the Flame.
One here a Lover was, and that night came
From Loves gentle, to Deaths cruel flame;
The Ladies Nurse, who scarce for age could see,
Death hugg'd, and dandled on his flaming knee:
Her Brother was gone out the morn before,
As *Lot* from *Sodom*, Angel-led to *Zoar*.
Have you not seen a richly laden ship
Upon the silver waves to dance and skip,
Homewards bound on canvas wing to fly,
Like birds that to their nests with meat do hie,
Strike suddenly upon a rock, and split,
And to the raging waves her self commit?
Thus an whole Family at one blow,
Not by a watry, but fiery overthrow:
His laden ships, like bees oft hiv'd in's hand,
Here he, and his are shipwrackt on the land.

Here you may see salt tears (extinguished
In furious flames) to be but vainly shed:
The Husband and the Wife here you might see
Flaming in one anothers arms to be;
Poor souls embracing one another fast,
Till in the flames their arms dropt off at last:
There you might hear the Mistris call her maid,
But no answer returnd, no help, nor aid,
Before the one could call again, her breath
Was stop't, the other answerd not, but Death
An infant snatcht in curled flames; you might
Behold a very lamentable sight.
Pale Death now lookt red, and did tyrannize,
Sparing neither gray hairs, nor infant-cries:
Who knows wher dismal thoughts did them surprize,
What tremblings, shrieks, tears, and heart-rending cries!
When they (thinking of no such ill) awoke,
And saw the rooms furnisht with fire and smoke,
Some say they heard them up and down to run,
Crying, Have mercy, Lord, we are undone.
Learn Merchants now an heavenly Trade,
Such Riches only are in safety laid.
If you your Riches will indeed secure,
Go to the Throne of Grace, and there ensure.
Let pray'rs waft all your Vessels home to shore,
Honour God with your substance and your store;
Mingle your pleasant things with prayers and tears,
Unless you'll wake with flames about your ears.
You curious Dames, that patch, and paint, and spend
Time, as though Time would never end,
Adorn your precious souls with Graces, lest
A flaming Torch do paint your naked breast:
Set not your hearts on those uncertain things,
Riches, you see, sometimes have flaming wings.
Tremble, profane City, lest thy angry God
Proceed to scourge thee with this fiery Rod:
God hath allured thee with Gospel-charms,
And cast the Riches of the World into thy arms;
Shall Taverns, Stews, and Cheaters then obtain
Thy heart, and God stretch forth his arms in vain!
Leave thy profane Oaths, lest thou provoke
The mighty God to swear in fire and smoke:
Hoard not up thy Angels from the poor,
Lest God send flaming Angels to thy door:
When thou art sober, think thy drunkenness
May make thee reel into the deep Abyss.
Hosanna not the name of Christian,
Or Protestant, and crucifie the man.
Quench thy sensual joyes in holy fears,
Quench these fires in penitential tears.
When Wine and Lust inflame, then think upon
With serious thoughts the downfall of *Delann*.
Censure not his Ashes, some have got,
Up to Heav'n in a fiery Chariot;
Rather conclude, without Repentance, all
Under some dreadful stroke shall likewise fall.
If this Example we refuse to hear,
Doubtless the same, or flames of Hell are near.

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